

## **Sneaking Around by metal\_jenny\_blog**

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**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

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**Relationships:** Jim "Chief" Hopper & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers & Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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**Summary:**

It's about time some people came clean about their relationships.

# Sneaking Around

## Author's Note:

Saw a post by @iamthethumperanon about Hopper and Nancy running into each other after sexy time at the Byers. I needed a break from the angst and all my feelings.

Enjoy!

Also at:

<https://www.tumblr.com/blog/metal-jenny-blog>

It was a practised routine by now.

He'd come over at about 12:30am. He was very punctual – slightly before, or slightly later, but always at 12:30am. Will was sound asleep by then and Jonathan had his headphones on and couldn't hear a bomb if it dropped on the house. El expected Hopper to keep odd hours, so in the event that she woke and he wasn't there, she wouldn't be alarmed. He was always on the step early the next morning, knocking the familiar two-one-three pattern on the door.

He'd swing by Melvalds the day of, to see if Joyce was available. He'd drop in, buy a pack of cinnamon gum and smirk as she rang it up. She'd smile coquettishly, and he knew she was available. Later that night, Hopper would park the Blazer around the corner, out of sight, and leg it to Joyce's. She always waited up in the lounge room, a lamp on in the corner. She tried reading a book, or watching the TV, but she always ended up staring at the window, her fingers drumming on the arm of the couch and her heart fluttering against her ribcage. Hopper would tap his badge on the window next to the door – less force was required than a knock, and it made a loud enough sound to alert her to his presence. She would trot soundlessly on the worn carpet to the door, open it, and pull him inside. Their movements were slow as they gently closed the door, and then Hopper would crush Joyce to him, his mouth seeking hers, his hot tongue sliding into her mouth. One hand pressed at the small of her back and the other buried in her hair, he would leisurely and

thoroughly explore her mouth, tilting her head to the desired angle.

For her part, Joyce submitted. Hopper radiated heat while he was in his arms, even on a chilly night. He tasted faintly of coffee and cigarettes, and the tip of his nose was always cold. His mouth glided over hers, fitting perfectly, with the right amount of pressure. His hand at the nape of her neck traced the delicate pearls of her spine.

Eventually, they would break apart, and Joyce would lead him to the bedroom. Inside, hands would speedily fumble and shed clothes, aware of the time constraints. Hopper would tip her back onto the bed and bury his head between her legs. Only when she'd come, would he think about his own pleasure. Afterwards, he'd fold her into his arms, the sweat cooling on her skin. They knew they had a few hours of sleep together before Hopper would slip out the door, before the house stirred.

It was a practised routine.

Which is why the last thing he expected at 5:36 one morning, was to collide with another figure outside.

“Ow!”

“Shit!”

“Nancy?”

“Chief?”

Together: “What are you doing here?”

They faced off in the gloom of the impending sunrise. Nancy's hair was tangled and the long skirt she wore was crooked, the front seam skewed to the side. Her lips were swollen, her color high, and a faint bruise sat between her scarf and shirt, on her sharp collarbone. Hopper's shirt was untucked and hastily buttoned, his pants wrinkled from being on the floor of Joyce's room.

The silence as they regarded each other's state was deafening. Hopper cleared his throat first and scrubbed the back of his neck with his hand.

“You need a lift home?”

Nancy visibly exhaled in relief. “Yeah, that’d be great. I didn’t realise how close to six it was.”

“Truck’s around the corner.” Hopper started walking in the gestured direction while reaching for a cigarette, not waiting for her. Nancy quickly followed.

In the cab of the Blazer, Hopper started the engine and bumped the lever up for the heater, tilting one of the air vents so that warm air spilled across Nancy’s lap. She smiled ruefully and put her hands in front of the vent, rubbing them together. Hopper crushed the butt of his cigarette in the ashtray and pulled out a fresh one. He put it in his mouth and went to light it, before he took it out again and held it in his hand.

“I won’t say anything,” he said, regarding Nancy as she continued to rub her hands in the flow of heated air. “It would be hypocritical of me to do so...and I’m trying to do less of that.”

Nancy nodded. “Thanks. I won’t say anything either.”

Hopper’s eyes narrowed. “It probably wouldn’t be a bad idea for us to think about coming clean though. Hmm? Sneaking around probably isn’t the best idea.” His eyebrow tilted upwards and Nancy swore she saw a sparkle in his eye. “I mean, you’re going to freeze to death pretty soon, walking between your place and the Byers.”

Nancy gave a small smile. “Good point.” Feeling brave at Hopper’s reaction, she glibly added, “Besides, you and Joyce have danced around one another for a while now. It’s not going to surprise anyone. Pretty sure El and Will would be keen on it as well...”

Hopper scowled and held his hands in mock surrender. “Ok, ok kid. Message received.” He put the Blazer into gear and swung it in a U-turn and headed in the Wheeler’s direction. A few minutes later, he pulled up around the corner from the house.

“You ok from here?”

Nancy nodded. “Yes. Thanks Chief. I appreciate it.”

He tapped her arm. "Hey. I don't like the idea of you wandering around before sunrise. Not after last year. You want a lift to the Byers next time, you should call." His voice was gravelly and stern, but his eyes were kind. Nancy nodded in agreement.

"I will. Seeya, Chief." She opened the door of the Blazer and slipped out. She slammed the door and headed up the street. Hopper nosed the truck onto the road and headed back to the cabin. The sun was peeking over the horizon now, bathing trees on the side of the road in a soft orange glow, the dew sparkling on the grass.

Maybe it was time for him and Joyce to take their relationship out on dry land. They'd enveloped themselves in a cocoon to protect not only the boys and El, but themselves. But with Jonathan and Nancy growing closer, and Will and El with their solid friendships in "The Party", it might be time to avail themselves of the strong support network around them and come out into the open.

He parked the truck near the edge of the cabin ground's boundary and weaved his way through the trees to the cabin. He knocked on the door and the locks slid open.

Inside her bedroom, El heard him shuffling around the cabin, and the shower sputter to life in the bathroom. El smiled to herself. He had the whole day at home today, and he was always in a good mood on these mornings when he came home early. She smiled again. She knew why he was happy...but she trusted him to tell her in his own time.